Helter Skelter,

OR THE

Devil upon two Sticks:

In a Comical Dialogue between HIGH CHURCH and LOW CHURCH, Relating to the Times.

By the Author of, All Men Mad.

High Church Man.

HERE Drawer, bring us t'other Quart;
I love the Church with all my Heart,
'Tis she maintains the Power Royal,
And teaches Subjects to be Loyal;
Altho' some canting Drones and Asses,
Revile her Common-Pray'rs as Masses,
And thro' Fools Consciences call'd Squeamish,
Condemn her spotless Faith as *Romish*.
I say, such Scandals are but Fictions,
Malicious whiggish Contradictions:
And I'll be bound my self, by *Jove*,
Not only to assert, but prove,
She savours of no Popish leaven,
But is the surest Guide to Heaven:
Come Drawer fill a Glass to th'brim;
Let the Low sink, and High-Church swim,
For we that are the sons o'th' High,
Shall surely once surmount the Sky,
Whilst the dark Zealots of the Low,
Sink downwards to the bottom go,
In this salubrious Glass of Claret,
The best of cordials I'le avert it,
I wish Prosperity with all
My Heart, to the Church Episcopal:
And hope the Crown, the same will nourish,
That the true Faith may ever flourish:
Huzza! here goes a merry Bumper,
Come pledge me Sir, or you're a Rumper!

Low Churchman.

Methinks good Sir you're mighty warm,
I'd have you think I wish no harm.
To th'Bishops, or the Church, God mend 'em,
Or any Hotspurs that defend 'em,
But I must plainly tell you this Sir,
I'll drink no Wine but what I please, Sir
No High-Fly'r of you all, God take me;
If I refuse to drink, shall make me.
Nay I'll not pledge, for all your grinning,
Such Popish Healths as your beginning:
I'd have you think I learn to fear,
Any Tantivy Zanter here;

Ay; nod your Head, and knit your Brow,
We've Liberty of conscience now,
Come, Neighbour Cant, *GOD* save the Queen,
We value no such fiery Men,
God grant her Grace as well as Breath,
To live and Reign like *Elizabeth*,

High Churchman.

Blood, Sir, for all you talk so big,
I say you're but a canting Whig,
A rank dissembling Presbyterian,
The Spawn of some old *Oliverian*
Whose Heart maliciously is bent,
Against both Church and Government;
And tho' you seem to wish the Crown
So well, you'd gladly pull it down.
And drink the Q--n's Health, yet you'd rather
Betray the Daughter like the Father;
For all the Wheedles t. and God bless ye's,
Found in your slavering Adresses;
Adorn'd with florid canting stuff,
We know your inside well enough.
I say, he's Rumpish that abuses
The High-Church, or her Health refuses;
And that he would be glad to see
Once more the Scene of Forty-Three;
And who approves the Blood then spilt,
Must be a Partner in the Guilt,
And make himself a vile Abetter,
By now consenting to the matter.

Low Churchman

I say, Sir, you're a meer shite-fire;
You a good subject, you a Lyar,
A flanting, ranting Perkenite,
A Popish Slave, a Jacobite;
That would have all the Nation groan,
Beneath the Whore of *Babylon*:
What tho' a King once lost his Head,
Why should the Blame on us be laid?
Why did not your Church Militant,
That o'er your Wine so rave and rant
Behave themselves like better Soldiers
And fight to keep it on his Shoulders;

Are we to blame because you loſt,
What many Thouſand Lives had coſt;
Why did not all your Forces rally,
To ſtop the Miſchiefs that befel ye,
But tamely ſtand, and ſighing ſee
Your Martyr's ſad Cataſtrophe;
Yet ſhame henceforward ceaſe to brag on
Your Church whoſe emblem tho' a Dragon
To ſhow it is her Conſtitution
To uphold Popiſh perſecution:
Yet are her Sons ſuch baſtard *Romans*,
They fight us beſt in *Doctors Commons*,
Where their Court-Spirituals the Field.
The Pen the Sword, and Gold the Shield:
But now be praiſ'd we're out of danger,
And fear no high flown Biſhops Anger.
No fiery Churchman's Information,
No griping Proctor or Citation;
But can ſerve GOD, where e'er we pleaſe
In ſpight of enemies like theſe; (fright us
Therefore your high flying words ſhan't
Your Church is gag'd and cannot bite us.

High Churchman.

I tell you, Sir, for all your bawling,
You're an old canting Kriperdoling.
A Calves-head Knave a Flaſh, a Bounce;
A grey-hair'd grave illit'rate *Dunce*.
Did not your Tribe hatch Civil *Wars*,
And ſet the *Nation* by the Ears, (ted
Pluck down the church by heavenappo n
And trample on the Lord's *Anointed*
Murder and plunder all his Friends,
And Traſon preach to gain their Ends;
And when your Swords thro' vile diſaſters
Had made you *England's* bloody Maſters.
Did not you then with frantick Joy,
The Monuments o'th' dead deſtroy,
And like a heathenish pack of Knaves;
Diſturb their *Aſhes* in their Graves,
Ranſack God's Altars with your *Forces*;
Prophane his Churches with your Horſes
Break ſacred Windows in your *Fury*,
Painted long ſince to Heavens Glory,
Becauſe malicious Fools, in ſpight,
Cry'd out they gave a *Popiſh Light*;
And when, like wild rebellious Devils,
You'd done all theſe infernal Evils
And had the 'Sov'reign Power ſubdu'd,
By drinking up the *Nation's* blood'
Could you tell how to Rule the Roaſt;
Or uſe that Pow'r you had ingroſs'd;
At firſt 'twas ſeated in the Rump,
From thence did into th' *Army* jump;
Then was it plac'd in Regulators,
They had the Canvaſſing of Matters;
From thence againſt th' *Parliament*,
To Cromwel next by their conſent:
Thus back and forwards was it handed,
And round about the Nation banded,
Not knowing how to long maintain
The Pow'r they did ſo baſely gain
But was at laſt forc'd with diſhonor,
To give it back to it's right Owner;
So buſie *Monkeys* that have ſeen;
Their Maſter handle what is keen,
Will in his abſence, take in hand,
What ſilly Brutes don't underſtand:
But when they've hurt ſome tender part,
And ſee the Blood, and feel the ſmart;
They gladly lay down what they found;
And lick to heal the painful wound.

Low Church Man.

I ſay, ſir, you're a Popiſh Bigget,
A Tyrant's ſlave, a Loyal Maggot,
A ſneaking, ſervile *Tom-a doodle*,
That has no Brains within thy Noddle;
A zealous, poor, Crown ſerving Tony,
Fit only to give Kings thy money;
A Cow'rdly non-reſiſting Bubble,
Aw'd by the fear of Death or Trouble;
A Worm for Majeſty to tread on,
An Aſs for Burthens to be laid on;
A Government's moſt uſeful Tool,
A Sacred Monarch's humble Fool,
A Biſhop-ridden Jack-a dandy,
A Papiſt, ſir, I underſtand ye;
A Foot-ball ſtuff'd with Loyal *Zeal*,
For Prieſts to kick 'twixt Heaven & Hell
I'll war'nt you're ſuch a Loyal *Slave*,
You'd ſerve the Crown with all you have
Lay down your Life, or your Eſtate,
To make your Prince profuſely great;
Or fight like Butcher's favourite Brindle
Rather than Prelacy ſhould dwindle:
Nay, die a Martyr for the Church,
Before you'd leave her in the lurch:
E'en hug thy high flown Loyal Fury,
I'm no ſuch Block head I'll aſſure ye;
Kings by the *People* firſt were made,
And ſhould no longer be obey'd
Than whilſt they mind our preſervation;
And act for th'wel-fare of the *Nation*.
Truely maintaining their *Compaction*,
Without encroachment or *Exaction*;
But if at any time we find 'em
Graſp at more pow'r than we deſign'd 'em
Or that they've broke thro', or forſaken
The ſolemn Vows & Oaths they've taken
Or if they prove ſuch Storks or Logs,
Complain'd of by old Æſop's Frogs;
The ſuffering People may diſmount
Such *Kings*, and call them to account;
GOD only made them Men, 'tis we
That yield them their Authority,
It's Conqueſt gives a right to Rule,
The Throne is ſuch a precarious Stool,
That whoſoever ſits thereon,
Muſt always have his Dagger drawn;
For if the people can by force.
Dethrone the Victor or do worſe;
Their Native freedom to recover,
Their Right's the ſame with his all over.

'Tis not to say he made us swear,
That we would true Allegiance bear;
And that we are his Slaves in troth;
Because we've taken such an Oath;
No; since we cann't dispute his title;
We're forc'd to flatter him a little;
And only do what he desires;
To gain those points our cause requires
Not that an Oath can binding be
Extorted in necessity:
For bonds in prison are not good;
There is no reason that they should.
What tho' a thief upon the Road;
Robs me, and makes me swear by G--d,
I'd ne'er discover him, should I find him
Do you believe this Oath is binding?
No, by my troth for all I'd sworn;
I'd make him take a Tyburn turn:
And after all your mighty Rattles,
Of Norman Victories and Battles;
A Conqueror 'twixt me and you;
Is but the greater thief o'th' two.
Nor can the Oaths he puts upon us
When by the Sword he's over-run us:
Bind us t'acknowledge his protection:
Longer than he can force Subjection!
But when we find his strength doth fail,
And we can over his pow'r prevail,
We have the self same title then
To Govern, as he had to Reign.
And if we pull the Tyrant down,
And from his Temple snatch the Crown)
We take no more than what's our own.)
Yet you poor Loyal Fools, will cry
We've done much wrong to Majesty.
'Tis true, if he has pow'r to quel;
Our Arms he'll say that We rebel;
And then 'tis we that must be halter'd;
Because in our attempts we falter'd:
But if Success should crown our matters,
The King and's Friends are then the Traitors
For the Law we've seen it often try'd;
Is always on the strongest side.

As to your proud and lazy Prelates,
So much ador'd by Popish Zealots;
I tell you plainly I abhor 'em.
And think there's no occasion for 'em.
The Shepherds Crook their Lordships wear
To signify their Pastoral Care,
Is of no other Service grown
Unless to hook the Church to th'Crown;
Nor does their sitting in the H--
To th'Public signify a Louse;
Only in matters of Debate.
That happen to enflame the State,
I am not willing to forget
The mighty Good they did of late;
But fear they'l prove such pious Men,
As to undo it all again.

To tell you truely I suspect 'em;
And cannot cordially affect 'em;
But dare to own before my Betters;
I love no Cardinals Caps or Mitres.

High Church Man.

Now rage thy envious Heart has fir'd,
I'l war'nt thou think'st thy self inspir'd;
And that thy base rebellious Babble,
In spight thou'st utter'd at the table,
Is fill'd with so much charming Sence,
And such convincing arguments;
That nothing can withstand the force
Of thy Fanatical discourse:
But I must tell thee, thou'rt a Dolt;
A fool for shooting such a bolt:
Tou fire at random in the dark,
And fall a Mile beside the Mark,
Shew by your Talk that you're a scurvy
Knave, that would turn us topsy turvy,
A restless Wretch, that wants to tower
Above thy Merit or thy Power,
Possess'd with that strange stupifaction,
As't wish thy native Land's distraction,
T'enrich thy self by others ruin,
And thrive by honest Mens undoing.
I wonder who first taught thee Treason,
And how thou suck'st in so much Poyson
To think the People may dethrone
The King, and make his Pow'r their own;
So any Rebel, you will own,
Has a just Title to the Crown;
If once by force he can but gain it.
And has but power to maintain it.
Rare Doctrine! sure from Hell first brought,
By some Incarnate Devil taught;
Some Guile of Lucifer's designed
To spoil the Peace of Human-kind
To foment Feuds to Civil Wars,
And set whole Kingdoms by the Ears;
For where such Nations do encrease,
There can be no such thing as Peace:
Kings were at first by Heav'n appointed,
And by GOD'S holy Priest anointed.
Not placed by th' People o'er the Land,
But govern'd by Divine Command:
The Lord himself by Revelation,
Gave to the Priest the nomination,
Without the Subjects approbation,
But when the People he abus'd
And the great Power he had misus'd
So that just Heaven disapproved him.
GOD Himself judg'd him. and remov'd him
By giving in a Dream or Vision,
To his High-Priest a new Commission
To openly declare his Word
Revealed unto him by the Lord.
That Heaven had denounc'd in Anger;
So ill a King should reign no longer.

And that the Lord had now appointed
Another Prince to be Anointed.
On the Kings Misrule or Defection,
GOD gave the Pepple no Election,
They were oblig'd to be content,
With such a King as Heaven sent,
And to approve his Government.
For if the People by their Voice
Made Kings, and they should Rule by choice,
They'd Vote their Monarchs up and down,
And so precarious make the Crown,
That e're they'd long one King obeyed
They'd chose another o'er his Head,
So that the Throne would be a Chair,
Much fitter for my good Lord-Mayr.
Besides, allow that Monarchie
Should (as you wish) elective be,
In our divided wrangling Nation,
So full of Strife and Emulation,
How would two Parties that oppose
Each other as inveterate Foes,
That disunite in every thing,
Agree in chusing of a King?
Both would their Favrites countenance,
And each side would their own advance;
They'd ne'er concurr in any One,
And if we've Two as good have none:
Then if two Parties by their Voices,
To please themselves make different Choices
How must they then dispute their Right,
Unless it be by open fight?
The Sword must be the Arbitrater,
And Conquest must decide the Matter;
So terminate in spight of Votes,
In cutting one anothers Throats.
Thus ev'ry popular Election
Would end in Misery and Distraction,
The City Scarce can chuse her Mayr,
But fall together by the Ears;
Nor Country Boors and Clowns content them-
Selves to chuse those that represent them
Least every such Election cloles
With broken Heads, and bloody Noses,
What evils then must needs befal us,
Were we to chuse the Kings that Rule us!
Should England e'er prove so defective,
As once to make her Crown Elective,
Whoever we should chuse as King
Would find he stood so tottering
That he must like a Tyrant Rule,
And make us Slaves, or be our Fool!

Low Churchman.

Wounds, hold your Popish tittle-tattle;
I would make one swear to hear you prattle;
Nay put a Saint into a Passion,
To listen to your vile Oration;
Why what a Pox (forgive good Lord)
Was ever heard such wicked Word,
But what good Man on Earth can be
From such vain filthy Language free,
In such provoking Company?
I say Sir you're a Perkinite,
And talk like any Bedlamite;
You're Mad, and know not what you say,
But rave like one that would betray
Our English Liberties and Rights,
Into the hands of Jacobites,
And make us all poor slavish Creatures,
To beath with Crowns and Popish Mitres;
But e're such Times shall come about,
We'll make the Devil of a rout;
Alarm your Ears with such strange Thunder,
That should turn all your hopes to wonder,
For all I am old, I thank the Lord,
I'm able still to wield a Sword,
Or cock a Musquet in the Field,
And would do both, before I'd yield
The Pow'r of England should be given
To any Papist under Heaven.
Go you're a Romish Tory, Sir,
A meer Cathedral Worshipper,
That goes to Church to hear a Jargon
Of Popish Masses with the Organ;
As if you thought (by your advancing
Fine Tunes) your Saints above, luv'd Dancing,
I say such Musical High Flyers,
Are worse than Jesuits or Fryars,
And are nought else in good Mens Eyes,
But down right Papists in disguise.
Your idle Talk provockes my Anger,
I'll keep you Compania no longer,
You may perhaps have some design,
There's Nine pence for my pint of Wine,
And so good night t'ye Master High Church,
I'm sure I ne'er shall be of Thy Church.

High Church-Man.

[To the rest of the Company.]
Good Night! Did ever Mortal Ear,
Such strange Rebellious Notions hear,
Imbib'd from stupid envious Teachers,
Whose Malice only made them Preachers;
England, unhappie would'st thou be
Beneath such Mens Authoritie!
Be wise and shun the sad Disasters,
Of having such Fanatick Masters,
Who abuse Justice, scoff at Reason,
Hate Loyaltie, and nourish Treason,
And brand all those that thwart their Humour
With love of Popery & Slaverie. (rie;
May Heav'n protect the Church and State,
From what such Saints would fain be at,
That the Queen long may Rule the Nation,
And her Arms gain such Reputation,
As to establish Europe's Peace;
And make all Forreign discords cease,
Also with one pacifick Smile,
Our Home Divisions Reconcile,
And ever bless our fruitful Isle.

FINIS.